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## Seventy-Nine Deaths and One Survivor



👁 277 ✓ 19 ★ 25

### Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

They didn't tell me what the experiment was about. They just said it was a behavior experiment. I assumed that meant seeing how I react to pictures or something.

Boy was I wrong.

### Chapter 2 by Kallaway Haystings



Walking down the hallway with two armed guards on either side of me should have given me a hint that something was off. Even the hall, in retrospect, felt weird. It was a creepy hall, no flickering lights or mold like the movies, just creepy. White walls, strip lights and nothing else. Not even a nice piece of art, the barbarians. Or the 4.0.1 security system and DNA scans every few feet. Or the energy spikes that was making my heart pacemaker speed up, then drastically slow down, making me catch my breath and stumble. Don't judge me. I was just honestly thrilled to be there, out of 200 applications I was one of the five They hand selected. Me. And by "They," I mean the big wigs of this corporation. Roullway Corp. Number one in the field of Science and Galaxy information. At the end of the hall a desk enclosed in what I guessed was bulletproof case stood next to a wrought iron door. We walked up to the desk, and a dude slid a couple of

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are waiting for you." I threw caution to the wind. What the hell, no going back now. Signing my name, Alexander Simon on the line. "Who's waiting?" I asked, sliding the papers back to the guy. "They are." was all he said, and as he buzzed us through the door, I glanced back and saw that he was smiling. Damn. I shivered, and walked through the door.

### Chapter 3 by Vega Venice



I turned around quickly, now beginning to worry. The room I was in was white, the only thing visible was the clear glass door that was reflecting the frightened young child hiding inside me.

What had I gotten myself into?

I turned quickly at the sound of another door opening.

A tall woman in her late twenties walked in. She had long smooth white hair and large green eyes. She was truly perfect. Her curves along her body side moved just the way she needed them to move. Her hands pressed softly over one another. I grabbed ahold of my arm to pinch myself and wake up.

She was real, but something was off about her. I couldn't place it.

"Alexander," The woman said in an almost electronic way, "I'm so happy to see you."

She leaned in for a hug slowly rubbing her perfect nails down my spine.

"I am 3B and I am honored to meet you." I paused clearly stunned by her name.

"3B" I asked.

She nodded, "Now- would please follow me this way."

What have I gotten myself into.

Chapter 3 by Vega Venice



She punches a code into a keypad. The door hisses open. We walk down yet another hallway for a few minutes. She looks out of place in the white marble hallway.

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She uses a key to unlock the door and pushes it open. Inside is what looks like a hospital waiting room with a rows upon rows of plastic chairs. They all face the front of the room, where a dark projector screen dominates the front wall.

The room is packed with boys. They're all about my age. I estimate there are around sixty or seventy of them. The room is quiet and still for the most part but there is a nervous energy about it.

"Have a seat" says 3B "you're the last one. They've been waiting for you."

With those words, she walks out and shuts the door behind her.

I do as she said and have a seat between a particularly scrawny little boy and boy who is just the opposite, with well toned muscles and a depressing scowl on his face.

As soon as I sit down, the lights dim and the screen comes to life.

The screen shows an old man with wisps of grey hair and a pair of small glasses perched on the end of his nose. He stares directly at the camera.

"Hello and welcome to Roullway. You have all been hand- selected by none other than myself for this experiment. You have been chosen because you each possess a talent that is unique to only yourself. Now, without farther ado, let's begin, shall we?"

The screen dims and the light come on again.

## Chapter 5 by Tristan Peyton



"Would you all please follow me to the experimental room" 3B said.

I stood up and looked around as everybody else stood up out of their seats. They all followed 3B out the door and I grabbed a spot in the middle of the pack.

"Please stay silent and walk in a single file line" 3B said. I followed her orders. She led us into a

long hallway that had dim lights every few feet on the walls. It had dark red stains on the roof and floor, not to mention the rust and wall met. The building was obviously old and not taken care of.

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One of the boys in front of me tripped over something and fell out of line.

The lights flickered and suddenly all light in the room died. It went silent for a split second and the lights came back on. The boy was gone. We all looked around to each other and 3B just kept on walking. It was almost as if she hadn't noticed. Or she had, but just didn't care.

Something was wrong. Seriously wrong.

### Chapter 6 by Sapman Of The Trees



3B led us into a large white room with identical metal doors parallel to each other on each wall. Something wasn't right. There was a man stationed in the middle of the room with a wide variety of syringes.

"Don't be alarmed. These are just, um, trackers that will monitor your progress," 3B announced, for the first time her voice wavering. She had us line up in front of the man with the syringes. I watched as he plunged ghastly long needles into the arms of the boys in front of me. I noticed how their eyes lulled inside their skulls once the man removed the needle from their arms. What the heck was going on here!

It came my turn to have this so called "tracked" inserted into my arm. I sort of fell into a daze after the needle left my arm.

"Cell number 20D," I heard him mumble, even though I couldn't wrap my head around his words. My legs started moving without my mental command, and I walked to one of the mental cell doors across the room. It opened automatically for me, and I subconsciously walked in.

Everything went dark from there.

### Chapter 7 by Sapman Of The Trees



I don't know how long I was out, but it seemed like a long time. I looked around, and saw I was in a cramped room with cement walls on all sides. There was a dim red glow in the room, though I couldn't located its source. I felt something poke me on the back, and I instinctively turned around. Hovering above me was a steel orb, no bigger than my fist. "Hello. I am NSPM 20D" it

said to my surprise.

"NSPM 20D, what?" I inquired, all I could think of.

"Non-sentient Progress Monitor," it replied. With that it hovered over to the top left corner of the room.

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"Wait, what!" I yelled. I sat against the cement wall and hugged my knees to my chest. What had I gotten myself into? Out of nowhere I felt a sharp pain resonate through the roof of my mouth. Something ran down my chin. I wiped it off with my finger, and was surprised to find it was blood. The pain lasted for what seemed like hours, then my mouth went numb. Not like the kind of numb you feel after you go to the dentist; I mean numb. After the numbness subsided, I ran my finger through my mouth. Everything seemed normal until I touched where my eye teeth should have been. In their place were two razor sharp fangs, like those of a snake. I screamed. What did I get myself into! They said this was a behavioral experiment!

"Why didn't you tell me anything about mutation and all of this crap!" I yelled to no one, "It didn't mention this in my application!"

Just then NSPM 20D appeared from out of the corner. "It clearly stated it in line 63," it said. "I hate you!" I replied.

## Chapter 8 by Morgan Wright



It began as a small hunger for something, just slightly bothering me. But then it became a roaring sensation, filling every crevice and crack of my mind.

This sudden hunger for something that I couldn't place was mind numbing, painful. I screamed, in guttural animal fashion. This new hunger was taking over my body, I couldn't control it.

Yet, I soon figured out what I was craving so badly.

Blood. Human blood to be more exact. I pounded on my glass cell door, seeing that lady, 3B, standing there.

"Make it stop!" I screamed loudly. The pain was burning now, it felt as if I had just walked into a volcano, submerging my insides in its immeasurable heat. I was so sure that I was about to die, so sure of it. But then, the bloodlust took me over completely. I roared, this time sounding like a full animal. Saliva dribbled down my chin, my new fangs dripping with it.

But the lady just stood there, unbothered, cold and calculating. She didn't care at all about what was happening! She just studied me. "Notes, I believe," on a pad of paper.

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